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"What fools these Mortals be!"  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

# Suck

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## CONTENTS:

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.  
 ESSENTIAL OIL OF CONGRESS.  
 Marsh Song—Sunrise—poem—Eugene Field.  
 Washington Sketches—illustrated.  
 PUCKINGS.  
 Select Essays—R. K. Munkittrick.  
 A Dangerous Flirtation—illustrated.  
 England's Nightmare—illustrated.  
 FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA—No. CCXV.  
 Swamp—poem—Jade Oyle.  
 Forgotten—illustrated.  
 Ballade to Bohemians—poem—A. E. Watrous.  
 Ready for Proctor—Jabez McResurgan.  
 Sketch for a Historical Picture—illustrated.  
 AMUSEMENTS.  
 Some Other Time.  
 A New Ruler in the Land—illustrated.  
 ANSWERS FOR THE ANXIOUS.  
 Choice Communications.  
 LITERARY NOTES.  
 Exquisite Gems.  
 In a Cosmopolitan City—illustrated.  
 Jenkin's Umbrella—R. K. M.  
 PUCK'S EXCHANGES.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

MARCH, that came in with a chest-pro-  
 tector, may go out with a palm-leaf fan.  
 To the beautiful elasticity of the Ameri-  
 can climate, all things are possible. The hope  
 of Spring is already beginning to blossom in  
 our hearts. Even in our sciatica is the promise  
 of summer. In the resinous odor of that anti-  
 rheumatic oil wherewith we anoint our stiffened  
 limbs we catch a suggestion of the balsamic  
 pungency of the pine-needles that carpet the  
 hard ground on sea-ward looking heights, be-  
 low which the lazy billows tumble in the sun.  
 Our porous plasters cling to us with a passionate  
 adherence, foreseeing the day when we shall  
 cast them ungratefully off. In the lengthening  
 evenings the young year indulges in delicious  
 moments of lingering over her faint fresh sun-  
 sets, like an artist-novice who fondly contem-  
 plates his first picture. About this time the

ulster begins to wear a draggled and despondent  
 look, as though it felt rather ashamed of itself,  
 and a chance encounter with a new spring over-  
 coat is enough to cast it into the utter self-  
 abasement of hopeless shabbiness.

Even in those melancholy wastes of neglect  
 which we call our public parks, and which serve  
 as monuments of the Commissioners' victorious  
 combat with Nature, common-sense and Mr.  
 Frederick Law Olmstead, there is some poor  
 show of hopefulness, as though the wretched  
 places really began to believe that the Spring  
 would condescend to visit them as well as the  
 rest of the world. The few trees that our dear  
 friend Mr. Wenman left stretch their bare  
 branches out, and bravely make up their mind  
 to bud in April. On the bald spots of earth a  
 few stray, hardy blades that have survived the  
 winter lift up their yellow heads and determine  
 to do something to confirm the impression given  
 by the red signs that there really is some grass  
 there, off which the citizens must keep. The  
 dirty fountains gape, yearning for a better bath  
 than the mournful March rains afford them.  
 The park policeman sets his wife to freshening  
 up his gray uniform, and dreams of new vernal  
 conquests among the nurse-maids. Let him not  
 be premature. Spring comes to our parks last  
 of all places. She does not wish to be discour-  
 aged.

Who is this that cometh with feet of ice and  
 a sound of great coughing? The undertaker  
 stirreth his fire and rubbeth his hands. The sex-  
 ton imbibeth a nip of the rum which perisheth,  
 in the warm seclusion of the church lobby, and  
 is exceeding glad. The florist displayeth in his  
 window a small pillow of immortelles, six inches  
 by nine, \$5.—, with the inscription thereon "At  
 Rest." Yea, who is this that cometh and  
 brisketh up trade? This is Pneumonia. Of  
 old he was called Cold-on-the-Chest; but this  
 age is grown æsthetic, and verily it will not die  
 unless it dieth in Greek. Wherefore cometh  
 he? He cometh because the winds of March  
 are of a mixed order, and the mild wind from  
 the west inviteth a man to take off his flannels,  
 and the wild wind from the east taketh off the  
 man without the formality of an invitation.  
 Why do we sing of this thing, seeing that we  
 are singing æpæan to Spring? Because Spring  
 is in with Pneumonia, and they have made a  
 deal, and they have pooled their issues. There-  
 fore be glad in thy heart, O Reader, that the  
 Spring is near at hand; but rivet thy red flannel  
 pad to thy manly chest and fasten down the  
 edges with mucilage. Selah.

Mr. Conkling is still on President Arthur's  
 hands, and the President must pay his debts.  
 The ex-Senator refuses to be elevated to the  
 Supreme Bench; he refuses to take office; he is  
 quiet, but oracular, and gets credit for doing a  
 powerful lot of thinking. We are aware that  
 Mr. Conkling has naught to do but sit in his  
 office, grant interviews to his clients, and pocket  
 his fees, which, we are credibly informed,  
 amount to some hundred thousand dollars a  
 week. But, from what we know of Mr. Conk-  
 ling, we feel quite certain that the mere drudg-  
 ery of legal practice, even with so princely an  
 income, will not satisfy Mr. Conkling's ambi-  
 tion and craving for distinction. One would  
 think that, after the proud and patriotic position  
 he occupied with respect to the late President,  
 he had achieved a triumph and acquired a repu-  
 tation sufficient for a lifetime; but it is not so.

Mr. Conkling has an eye on the Presidency  
 for himself, notwithstanding his friendly offices  
 for General Grant when the perennial third-  
 term came to grief at Chicago; and perhaps

Mr. Conkling's friends—including President  
 Arthur—will have to do their best to put him in  
 the White House, just to get rid of him. No  
 man ever fills the Presidential chair without an  
 idea of being re-elected for a second term. We  
 question, even, if the mild, temperate and  
 harmless Mr. Hayes did not build airy castles  
 based on this fancy, and only realized its futil-  
 ity when he gathered together his mush-and-  
 milk bowls and hymn-books and returned to his  
 Sunday-school and conventicle in his beloved  
 State of Ohio. We do not mean to say that  
 President Arthur is guilty of this weakness, if  
 weakness it can be called; but if he has any  
 ideas this way, Mr. Conkling is a White Ele-  
 phant of the most awkward kind to have about  
 loose.

Awkward as he is, however, we cannot ad-  
 vise President Arthur what disposition to make  
 of him. If Mr. Conkling will listen to us, we  
 would suggest that he stick to private life—  
 the more private the better—or go into part-  
 nership with General Grant, and settle in some  
 quiet and remote village where he and the  
 General can talk over their shattered aspirations  
 and blasted hopes. Mr. Conkling may take  
 our word for it that the public will become  
 quite reconciled to his departure from the field  
 of politics. It can spare him, because it has  
 not yet found out what the great ex-Senator has  
 ever done for the country, and the discovery  
 will take some time. We know almost as well  
 as Mr. Conkling knows himself, that he is a  
 great orator, a great statesman, a great lawyer,  
 and, above all, that he has never stolen any of  
 the public money. This is a grand thing to be  
 able to say of any American politician now-  
 adays, and adds to Mr. Conkling's greatness;  
 but, on the whole, we prefer a smaller man.

In these halcyon days, when the pious cashier  
 amuses himself by indulging in defalcations,  
 and the bank or insurance company smoothly  
 fails, and the unfortunate depositor finds out  
 that he is the victim of misplaced confidence,  
 the unlucky institution is always placed in the  
 hands of a receiver, who distinguishes himself  
 by receiving all the money that the wreck of  
 the company will yield, and paying out to those  
 who are entitled to the proceedings just nothing  
 at all. It is quite a nice, comfortable, family  
 and friendly arrangement. The Confidence  
 Assurance Society finds out, one fine day, that  
 it is about time that it gave up the pretence of  
 being in a sound condition—its directors and  
 officers having used all the surplus cash and  
 easily negotiable securities for their own pur-  
 poses.

The affairs of the corporation are then sub-  
 mitted to a court, the judge of which chooses a  
 receiver, and, strange to say, he never has any  
 difficulty about it; and that is the end of the  
 Confidence Assurance Society, as far as the  
 policy-holders are concerned. But it is a long  
 time before the all-powerful receiver, acting  
 under the authority of the court, has finished  
 with the society. It will support him, his family,  
 his legal friends for years to come. They will  
 never leave the wreck until there is not a spar  
 or a rope's end, that can be turned into cash,  
 to be got from it. They will strip it as the locusts  
 strip trees of their leaves and fruit. And this  
 kind of business is going on daily around us.  
 The profession of receiver, or licensed wrecker,  
 is a recognized one, for fortunes are to be made  
 in a few years by adopting it. The judges re-  
 cognize it, and have their favorites who wax  
 rich with such countenance and support. The  
 moral is that it is much better to be a receiver  
 of a bankrupt corporation than a policy-holder  
 or a creditor.



ESSENTIAL OIL OF CONGRESS.



WASHINGTON March 8th.  
SENATE.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

SENATOR PLATT.—I am very fond of the Chinese, I am deeply enamored with Hindoos, I love Hottentots, I have a strong regard for Maoris, Bosjesmen and Zulus. The Chinese must come, and then we shall have cheap opium, cheap fans and cheap pig-tails. I object to invidious discrimination against any race or anybody. Suppose the invidious discrimination had been applied to me when I was a candidate for Senator, where should I be now? No-where. Chinese for me, I say, all the time. Every man has a right to labor. I don't labor much myself, but I like to see Chinamen doing it, especially in this country; besides, no one can get up my shirts so well.

SENATOR INGALLS.—Much as I love the Chinese, I love negroes and my other fellow-citizens still more. Let us then, dear boys, let us do without them until 1892, and then see how we get along. I have perfect confidence in posterity.

The Senate, by a tie-vote, 23 to 23, did not seem to see it from Senator Ingall's point of view.

SENATOR HOAR wished to have his little say. He would not express his opinion as to his regard for Chinamen, but it was high—very high. The Declaration of Independence said the Chinese must come, and he did not see very well how the Senate could go back on that document. What would the Emperor of China say? What would his wife, his mother, his sister-in-law and the other members of the family, not forgetting the assistant-deputy mandarin of the blue umbrella, think of us? He saw no reason why this should be a white man's government. He yet hoped to see the day when we should have a black man in the White House. There had been a great deal of talk about homogeneity of the people. He did not quite understand the meaning of the word, but he knew it was something in favor of the bill; but whatever it was, he was diametrically opposed to homogeneity.

SENATOR EDMUNDS trusted that the assembled Senators would entirely dismiss from their minds the idea that he was a Presidential candidate for 1884, as, if they did not, there could be no proper understanding of the meaning he wished to convey. Americans had a right to say what people they wanted, and what people they did not want. He [Senator Edmunds] was an American person, and he did not want the Chinese.

SENATOR INGALLS wished to say some more. He was painfully aware that he was not humorous, and he didn't think he could be sarcastic if he tried; but if there was one man in the Senate who had succeeded in misrepresenting him in his absence, that man was the Senator from Massachusetts.

SENATOR HOAR.—You surely can't mean me?

SENATOR INGALLS.—Oh, dear, no! not by no manner of means. Since I have been re-

freshing myself with stationery, I have somewhat altered my mind about the bill before the Senate. I now approve of it in every respect, and I wish particularly that my very intimate friend, the Emperor of China, be informed as to what we are doing with regard to his subjects. In any case, I don't wish a Mongolian gentleman kept out of this country without the brother to the sun and moon being duly advised, as I know he would feel hurt. I think, at least, we ought to give him time and opportunity—thirty days would perhaps be enough—to stop the tea, silk and all such things from being sent to this country, and to expel all American merchants on Chinese soil.

MARSH SONG—SUNRISE.

Over the monstrous, swashing sea,  
Over the Balderdash sea,  
The jayhawk wings its fluttering flight—  
The pelican greets the morning light—  
Antonio—where is he?

Over the gruesome, grunting sea,  
Over the Brobdingnag sea,  
Antonio came in the dead of night—  
Came like a jabberwock in its flight,  
And borrowed four dollars of me.

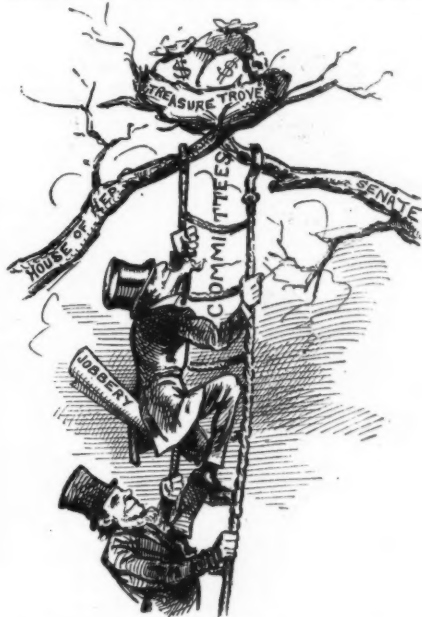
Over the muddling, haggling sea,  
Over the Caliban sea,  
With four fair dollars come if you can;  
I'm strapped—I'm broke—Antonio—Man—  
Brother—come back to me!

EUGENE FIELD.

WASHINGTON SKETCHES.



ROBESON HAS THE GAME IN HIS OWN HANDS.



THE COMBINATION FOR SUBSIDIES IS HIGH.

Puckings.

MR. BEECHER can be no better in health. He spoke at Ottawa, Ill., the other night.

PERHAPS THE only thing that the drama of Sophocles has suggested to the modern actor is Grease paint.

IN EVANSVILLE, Indiana, people come to life again soon after they are prepared for burial. Neither ex-Senator Conkling nor the Green-back party resides in Evansville, Indiana.

LET THE prisoners of Sing Sing tremble. General F. B. Spinola is to be warden of the Sing Sing Prison, and will undoubtedly use his shirt-collar for "paddling" purposes.

THE ARMY AND NAVY CLUB has disbanded. We commiserate the army, but we don't understand how there could have been a Navy Club without the necessary preliminary of a navy.

IT IS said that Mr. Condict, the director of the Mechanics' National Bank, of Newark, is made the scapegoat of the other directors and is innocent. A flaw in the conductment, apparently.

THE POPE is about to create seven new cardinals. It would be as well, therefore, not to buy your spring hat until we learn the particular style His Holiness has chosen for his new creations.

THE EARL OF REDESDALE has introduced a bill to exclude atheists from both Houses of Parliament. It will be awkward for Mr. Redesdale when a bill to exclude idiots from the British Legislature is introduced and passed.

A KENTUCKY LECTURER, according to the *Sun*, holds that the Garden of Eden was in Mississippi Valley, and that Noah's Ark started from Manhattan Island. We can quite believe it. The Ark must have got underweigh in the vicinity of Wall Street. There's more than enough water there to float it now.

A YOUNG MAN in a Boston church woke during the pronouncing of the benediction, and, seizing his hat, rushed down the aisle. He stopped, however, when he remembered that he was not in a theatre. If the young man had woke up in Mr. Talmage's Brooklyn Tabernacle he would not have stopped at all.

MR. BERGH, inspired, we suppose, by seeing "Claude Duval," at the Standard Theatre, now stops United States mail wagons, if the animals drawing them do not come up to his standard of horseflesh. We beg to remind Mr. Bergh that there is plenty of small-pox about, and that there is no diminution of the supply of tom-cats.

"BEGORRA, IT'S a perfectly elegant time I've had in the States of Florida and Louisiana. And Tilden can't buy 'em in 1884, for it's after spiling his little game I've bin, and I've secured 'em for meself or for me frinds, the Republicans, whichever is most convenient, d'ye moind. JOHN K-L-Y."

A MAN DROPPED dead while buying a ticket at the Houston Street Third Avenue "L" Station. I admit that the block system would not have saved his life, but then its adoption will lengthen the lives of a large number of passengers who daily risk their necks and limbs on this dangerous road.

K. F. MAIN, *Drum Major*.

## SELECT ESSAYS.

It is stated that Professor Proctor is the most popular astronomer, because, when he writes a moon article for a magazine, he always succeeds in making it as interesting as a shipwreck or a steamboat explosion. Now we know why Proctor excels Huxley, Tyndall and other humorists in the public mind. The trouble with Tyndall and Hux is that they don't work enough excitement into their productions. They will start coolly on molecules and keep the thing up for twenty pages, without getting any circus fervor in, and the people begin to wonder where the fun is located. Then they read about twenty pages on the origin of the species, and strike nothing that bears the faintest resemblance to a free fight; and while they denounce Tyndall and Huxley, and say they are not fit to write verses for a tooth-powder advertisement, they clamor for reform, and declare that all scientists should serve up their theories in dime-novel style, with lots of brimstone to the square inch, and all the sanguinary *télat* of a dog-fight thrown in. In other words, they should be more like Proctor.

It is now beginning to look a little more like spring than it did about a month ago; but, at the same time, you must not place too much confidence in the atmosphere. It is very much like a woman's mind—always on the change; and just when you begin to map out your garden, and cut down your cigar-bill to buy your wife a nobby spring bonnet, and the young man dons his light overcoat, and the poet greases the sonnet-mill for a lively campaign of vernal sweetness, then, oh, then is it that the blizzard wakes up, and puts on its dress-

suit, and waxes its moustache, and comes skipping along at the rate of fifty miles an hour. And, as it comes, it slings down pneumonia and chilblains like so many clothing circulars; and, before you know what has struck you, you are hauling your plug hat down over your ears, to keep them on, setting a death-watch on your boy, so that he will be on hand to shovel the snow off the walk, and regretting that you soaked your porous-plasters off a week ago.

Benjamin F. Taylor, the poet and lecturer, says that happiness does not wholly depend upon the correct spelling of words. As usual, Benjamin, you know what you are talking about. You have hit the nail on the head, and driven it home two inches beneath the surface of the plank, where the average man would have missed the head and driven his thumbnail up among his knuckles. The soundness and simplicity of your philosophy is equal to the sunshine of your verse, and that has lighted many a human heart and dispersed its mists of care. And when you land on spelling, you prove that you are as sure-footed as the mule. Not sure-footed in the sense of true aim, as exhibited in kicking, but in regard to capacity for standing on an inclined plane. Josh Billings's happiness does not wholly depend upon the correct spelling of words. Had he determined years ago to plod through life spelling is, *is*, instead of *iz*, and to, *to*, instead of *tu*, the chances are he would to-day be a poor, hard-working man, with no reputation as a thinker, and not sufficient shekels to enable him to wear diamonds and sealskin, or drink anything better than water. A young man entered a bee several years ago, and succeeded in spelling correctly

every word put to him, until the dealer gave up in despair and handed over the prize—"Macaulay's Essays." Yet that young man was not happy. He had a raging boil on the back of his neck that looked like a portable sunset, and it twisted him so that it compelled him to look up in the air sideways like a chicken swallowing water; and he was so much afraid of his collar that he kept craning his neck and trying to sneak as far away from it as possible. And when he got the prize he couldn't see it until some one held it up behind him. He had successfully coped with phthisis, dyptheria, eleemosynary, inseparable; but he wasn't happy. Ah, no, he was so far from it, Mr. Benjamin F. Taylor, that if he ever meets you, he will take you by the hand and say that you know what you are talking about when you assert that happiness does not wholly depend on correct spelling.

A young man writes to say that he was recently sickened by drinking too much lemonade at a reception. The great mistake the young man made was in trifling with reception-lemonade. If he wanted the harmless article, he should have gone to a circus; for the circus beverage has no lemon in it, and it could not have done him any harm. We never heard of but one man being injured by circus-lemonade. He ran into the peddler by accident, and about a quart of the chromatic stuff was upset upon him. It didn't affect his stomach, though. He caught cold.

No matter how great a swell a man may be, no matter how fond he is of displaying, or rather exhibiting himself in public places, he will never crowd into the Fifth Avenue front of his club, and lean back in an easy-chair and whack his feet up against the window panes when the soles of his shoes are worn through to his socks. This is where discretion proves itself the better part of vanity.

He offered her a handsome opal ring.

"Excuse me," she said, while a blush crept over her velvety cheek: "opa's are unlucky."

Then he fished a package of caramels out of his pocket, and attempted to present it to her.

"I never touch them," she murmured, languidly: "as they destroy the teeth and draw the fillings out. My mother got some between her teeth the other day, and her jaws were held together so tight for two hours that she couldn't talk."

"You must have had quiet in the house!"

"Sir?"

"I say you must have had a riot in the house. I mean, that your mother must have been so provoked, that she couldn't preserve her usual state of beautiful serenity, but was obliged to give way to her feelings, in spite of her heroic efforts to appear calm. Would you like to go to the minstrels to-night?"

"No, I thank you," she whispered, feelingly: "I am always saddened by such woful dramas as 'Camille,' 'Hamlet' and 'Miss Multon'; and the last time I was at the minstrels, I saw how those plays could be made more heart-rending with the jokes of the minstrels worked into them."

He then invited her to take a walk, and partake of ice-cream and various other luxuries calculated to thrill the feminine mind with ecstasy. But she refused each and all of them. And the young man danced around with his pocketbook in his hand, and thought what expense men would be saved if all girls were like this one. And he sang:

"I've found me the wife of the future,  
I've found the Impossible Girl."

Then he woke up and ascertained that he had been dreaming. The Impossible Girl has yet to be discovered. R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

## A DANGEROUS FLIRTATION



WITH A VERY NAUGHTY MAN.



## ENGLAND'S NIGHTMARE.



THE GREAT BRITAIN GULLIVER OVERPOWERED AND MADE HELPLESS BY FRENCH PYGMIES WHILE ASLEEP.

## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXV.

## SHOOTING AT THE QUEEN.



Ya-as, the othah morning Mrs. Fitznoodle came wushing into my woom while I was having my bweakfast in bed—I was sufferwing fwom a cold—and informed me that there was a telegwam fwom Gweat Bwitaen to the effect that some fellow had

aw fired a pistol at Queen Victorwia.

I immediately wose and dwessed myself and sent a cable message to my fwiend Wales—the Pwince, I mean—to forward me full particulahs. They soon arwived, and I was wejoiced to find that the Queen had been neithah hurt nor aw fwightened. I therwupon despatched my congwatulations—couldn't verwy well do less, ye know, considering the fwiently welations that have faw so long a time existed between the woyal family and myself.

It appe-ahs that it was some cwazy fellow named aw Woderwick, or Wobert Maclean, who dwew his wevolah on Victorwia just as she was aw weturning to Windsah from London, where she had been holding a Dwawing-woom. This Maclean must, of course, be a waving maniac to have attempted to commit such a horwible cwime, and, in spite of his aberwation of intellect, I sincerely hope that

the wascal will be incarcerationated and aw pwevented from wepeating his outwageous and tweekasonable act.

Jack and I had serwious discussion of the question, and we both arwived at the conclusion that the horwid wadicals are at the bottom of the whole business. Not aw that I mean to say that there was anything in the shape of an organized conspirwacy, but there have aw been so many incendiariw wemarks made about supwessing woyalty, and objections made to the aw wights and pwewogatives, pwivileges and incomes of our Soverweign's family and welations, that I am not at all surprised that this wretched and weak-minded cweachah has had his cwoked bwain fired by weading vulgah papahs which ought to be supwessed, and we solved upon aw twying to kill the Queen.

In fact, as I wemarked to a Mr. Cywus Field, a wealthy Amerwican *nouveau wiche*, who wesides he-ah, I do not know what has come ovah the people of aw Gweat Bwitaen since I have been living in Amerwica. The horwid wadicals and lowah classes appe-ah to be gwumbling at everwything and having mattahs all their own way. "If it were not faw the peerwage and the woyal family," I said: "I think my native countwy would wun to wack and wuin."

Mr. Cywus Field agweed with me in everwy wespsect; he is a gweat sympathizah; I should imagine, with woyalty and arwistocwacy. I shall pwobably have occasion to wefer to Mr. Field at gweatah length in the ne-ah fuchah aw.

REJECTED ARTICLES PUCK ne'er returns:  
In Spring he tears them, and in Winter burns.

## SWIMP.\*

Swimp! Swimp! SWIMP! gwine 'long,  
Yes, missus, sartin dat's de same ol' song;  
Swimp! Swimp!! Yes'm, swimp ebry day;  
But, sumhow er nudder it don't 'gin to pay.

Yes'm, I know dat I'm gittin' radder ol',  
Dars right smart walkin' 'fo' dey is sol';  
Dat's so, I did had a gal I use to sen' 'aroun',  
But de critter clean out an' gone tudder en' er town.

Dem gals is de debbil—yes'm, sartin sho';  
You can't 'gin to 'ly on dem any mo';  
Fus' ting yo' know when yo' need 'em wus,  
Dey's gone—de best ob 'em ain't to be trus'.

Mariar got to soshiatin' wid dem 'ciety ooman.  
Den she wanter jine—I seed de trubble comin';  
I didn' min' de Jacobs or de darters ob J'ruslam,  
Kase dey's made up ob oomans ol' ez Matuzlum.

But she git struck wid dem sisters ob Zion  
Dat's full ob niggahs dat's alwus tiefin' an' lyin'—  
Trash dat's alwus lookin' fo' wat dey kin steal,  
An' nebber knows whar dey'l git de nex' meal.

Coase I wouldn' lissen to no sich plan,  
Kase I knowed dem jes' like I know my han';  
Next ting I knowed de gal gone—lef—  
I wus dat s'prised I couldn' ketch my bref.

Didn't lef a ting, 'scusin' one ol' hat  
Wid nuffin but de brim, an' moughty little ob dat;  
An' de last I heerd she wus ober in Frogtown,  
Wid dat Zion crowd a-stealin' an' loafin' roun'.

Swimp! Swimp!! Yes'm, dey's mighty fresh;  
Tol'ble large, too—ketch 'em wid big mesh.  
Swimp! Swimp!! dis don't 'gin to pay;  
Swimp! fresh swimp gwine 'long to-day.

JADE OYLE.

\*Shrimp.

## FORGOTTEN.



AIN'T NOBODY GOING TO DO NOTHING FOR ME TOO? I WOULD DECLINE.

## SKETCH FOR A HISTORICAL PICTURE.



THE RETURN OF THE RAIDERS.

## BALLADE TO BOHEMIANS.

We have the poems and the plaques,  
The smile—or nod—of every muse.  
The hate of critics and of clagues,  
We've all the best *esprit* may choose.  
But reason here my rhyme subdues,  
To say, despite profession's mine,  
The prizes great to win or lose,  
Brethren, I fear they're Philistine.

Ours are the lives tradition tracks,  
With blushes that her smiles excuse.  
Where Thomas sins, but stumbles Max.  
You change the names, the things confuse.  
Such glamors aye the sight abuse,  
Still this of youth I yet define:  
The walks that Satan most eschews,  
Brethren, I fear they're Philistine.

Ours is the purse a clasp that lacks,  
Ours is the hand that can't refuse;  
No grim remorse our dreams attacks  
With self-preference to accuse.  
And yet, when honest debt accrues,  
The souls that feel for honor fine  
For honor's sake, with Gentiles, Jews,  
Brethren, I fear they're Philistine.

L'ENVOI.

This smacks, I know, of pulpits, pews,  
To somnolence yourselves consign;  
Yet lives that Heaven kindest views,  
Brethren, I fear they're Philistine.

A. E. WATROUS.

## READY FOR PROCTOR.

GOWANUS,  
March 13th, 1882. }

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

There is an absolute lack of meanness about me. I have got hold of a good thing, and I am going to let you into it, in strict confidence. As I have got a patent on it, there isn't so much boundless indiscretion about this as you might suppose.

Mr. Richard A. Proctor, better known as Dare-Devil Dick, the Materialistic Meteorologist, has announced that the end of the world is due fifteen years hence, with no postponement on account of the weather.

Our friends the Second Adventists have been expecting this little event with undiminished cheerfulness for a number of years past. They have done a great deal to keep up a lively market for Wamsutta muslin for robes of glory. But nobody now takes any stock in their pro-

phesies. Second Adventist dates are not recognized by the intellectual public.

This, however, is a square scientific appointment for the end of the world. There is no getting around it. You can't go back on Science. Fifteen years hence there is going to be a real old pan roast of the population of this planet, and you may just trim your celestial wings in anticipation of the performance.

I know this for a solid fact. I tried to get some bets against it the other day, and went around to all the pool-rooms. They wouldn't even book on the event.

So you may prepare to sizzle in 1897. You may, that is. I am all right. I have laid my plans to last over the cataclysm or holocaust, or whatever the *Herald* will call it, and I have patented my plans and shall prosecute all persons attempting to infringe my patent. That's the kind of liberal-minded public benefactor I am.

Being thus protected, I may safely lay my scheme before you. I do not propose to be cooked with the rest of mankind—at least, not by any erratic, half-bred comet wandering around the realms of space. If you want to roast me off this globe, run in a solar system on me, or something of that sort. No tramp meteor is good enough for me.

I am going to procure a large and commodious refrigerator and put it in a larger and still more commodious safe. I am open to receive proposals from enterprising safe-manufacturers who want to advertise their business cheaply and effectually. This will be positively the last chance they will have.

This safe I propose to have placed on the extreme apex—apexes or apices or whatever they may be—are always more or less extreme, I suppose; but I mean to get the extremest apex to be had—the extreme apex of the North Pole.

I shall supply myself with a fair allowance of provisions suitable to the general exaggeration of the climate which I have reason to expect. I am now laying in ice-cream, cold mutton, Santa Cruz sours and other sorts of summery sustenance. I am also negotiating with Mr. Charles Francis Adams, and hope to be able to buy him up and reduce him to pemmican.

Then, when the circus comes along, I shall retire into my refrigerator, inside my safe, and, through a private peep-hole I shall take in the show, and watch the avenging fires descending upon the doomed earth and roasting up its myriad forms of folly and wickedness—poli-

ticians, bad poets, tea-store chromos, hand-organ fiends, ice-cream girls, subscription books, patent medicines, Edison's electric light, oilymargarine, spring poems, Police Commissioners, grease-extractor peddlers, French plays, book-agents, tight shoes, literary receptions, gum-drop hats, cranks, playwrights, tonsorial interrogations, bad actors, aesthetes, authors of "Beautiful Snow," ticket-speculators, bald heads, waiters' fees, chilblains, epic poems, 25-cent table-d'-hôte dinners, dentists, mosquitoes, knee-breeches, corn-doctors, cats, small boys, chewing gum, helmet-hats, analytical essays, temperance drinks, denniskearneys, Societies for the Prevention of, and the rest of the list.

Then, when the curtain drops on the great fire act, and things have cooled off a little, I shall emerge from my icy seclusion and gambol gracefully over my own private earth, sole and imperial boss of the whole ranch—unless some other fellow has worked a similar arrangement at the South Pole. If this should happen to be the case, there will be a combat and somebody will get hurt.

And you may speculate largely and freely on one certainty—if there is a funeral, the other man will attend it in the capacity of corpse.

There is only one little deficiency in my scheme, as at present laid out. I am just the kind of man for a new, latter-day, supplemental Adam; but an Eve is a positive necessity; and that is just what is troubling me.

I want a first-class Eve, and I don't propose to submit to any such operation as the one said to have been performed on the original Adam. It doesn't suit my style. I want no liberties taken with my ribs. I am a particular man, and I don't like to lend my anatomy for any conjuring business.

But I am not too beastly particular. A ready-made Eve is good enough for me, and I will insert an advertisement in PUCK for a companion in my refrigerative life-saving plan. Only professional beauties need apply. Strawberry blonde preferred. Would like to hear from Mrs. Langtry.

There is my little lay-out. I think it shows a gigantic intellect, and there is no charge for the effulgence which I am shedding on your mental darkness.

Yours immortally,

JABEZ McRESURGAM.



## AMUSEMENTS.

"Squatter Sovereignty" is, in this republican country, still holding more than its own at HARRIGAN & HART'S THEATRE COMIQUE.

"Sam'l of Posen" is at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE, and Mr. M. B. Curtis is also there to see that there is fair play.

There is no change since last week to report in the condition of the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. "Esmeralda" still holds its own.

P. T. Barnum's Greatest Show in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, is at hand at the MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

"Odette," like Sampson, is displaying its strength at DALY'S THEATRE. The acting improves with age, and the audiences can't be much bigger than they are.

Mr. Ephraim Muggins, of PUCK renown, has been lecturing in New Jersey, which is good for the New Jerseyites, and will do a great deal toward advancing them in civilization.

Another week has passed, with the usual kaleidoscopic change at HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE. The Florences, with "The Mighty Dollar," etc., are now making people laugh.

"Youth," at WALLACK'S, with its village churchyard, its Thames, its embarkation of the regiment, troop-ship, and the absolutely real battle scene, is doing much to keep up the military ardor of our citizens.

KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL, in addition to its Ladies' Philharmony, boasts of a Miss Livingston, who is called an English *chanteuse*, Mlle. Marie Koenig, a soprano, and Mr. Rud. Frische, comedian.

BIRCH & BACKUS, our SAN FRANCISCO MINSTREL friends, find no diminution in the attendance at their Erebusian entertainment, the great magnet still being "Patients; or, the Aesthetic Crankophobia."

HAVERLY'S NIBLO'S GARDEN has now settled down to "The Streets of New York," with Mr. Frank Mayo as *Badger*. The revival of this play ought to find favor in the eyes of many, as it much resembles others of the same style, now very popular in up-town theatres.

"Divorgons," which won the hearts of our German population at the THALIA THEATRE, is now undergoing representation at ABBEY'S PARK THEATRE. It is in Sardou's brightest vein, and is well calculated to afford amusement, even during the sack-cloth-and-ashes gloom of Lent.

The Comley-Barton Company, with Catherine Lewis, John Howson and all the rest of them, is once more at its old home at HAVERLY'S FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. "Manola; or, Blonde and Brunette," was given on Monday, and to-night we are to be treated to the tuneful and ever welcome "Olivette." Other attractions will, of course, follow.

The dramatic hand of Mr. Dion Boucicault appears to have lost its cunning. "Sul-a-Mor," at BOOTH'S THEATRE, is nothing more than a rehash of "The O'Dowd," and not well rehashed, either. Mr. Boucicault, as *Michael O'Dowd*, could not act badly if he tried; but the piece itself is dull, stupid and conventional, and abounds with Land League sentiments, which have little or no interest for Americans.

A very successful concert was given last Wednesday evening, at CHICKERING HALL, by Miss Blanche Roosevelt, assisted by Signor Montegriffo, Mr. Carlos Haselbrink, the violinist, and others. Miss Roosevelt met with a most flattering reception—a just tribute to the taste and abilities of this favorite artist. Her selections comprised "Bel Raggio," from Semiramade. Benedict's "The Bird that Came in Spring," "Robin Adair," and the waltz song from "The Pirates of Penzance."

New Yorkers will have to wait a long time before they have an opportunity of hearing another such artist as Patti in opera, and they apparently seem quite aware of the fact, judging by the fashionable audiences which crowd the GERMANIA THEATRE, under the management of Mr. Abbey, to listen to her warblings. The support, in spite of Signor Nicolini's experience, is not all that could be desired. Mr. Nicolini, although he lives in a hotel, sings flat, but, after all, the setting for such a brilliant gem as Patti is of little moment. "Lucia" was sung on Monday night, and to-morrow night will be the last of the Patti performances, as the little woman is going to Europe much sooner than she expected.

"Claude Duval" is not "Patience," and, by parity of reasoning, "Patience" is not "Claude Duval." But "Claude Duval," as presented at the STANDARD THEATRE, has many points about it that make it well worth seeing and hearing. The scenery, dresses and appointments are fresh, brilliant and beautiful, the display of real horseflesh alone being a sight in itself. Mr. Carle-

ton does not entirely convey to our minds the dashing and gallant highwayman, although he looks handsome and renders the music, which is pretty and telling, though not very comic operary, with good effect. Mr. Ryley, without much voice, makes the most of his character, *Blood-Red Bill*. The small part of *Sir Whiffle Whaffle*, the old beau, entrusted to Mr. A. Wilkinson, is exceedingly well interpreted.

## SOME OTHER TIME.

About 7 o'clock yesterday evening an Eighth avenue elevated train ran into the train it was following at the 104th street station. There was a dense fog at the time, and the speed not being great, as one train was just starting and the other stopping, no serious casualties occurred. Several passengers who were standing in the forward train were knocked down, and others were badly shaken. —*N. Y. Sun, Friday, March 10th, 1882.*

We are indebted to our E. C., the New York *Sun*, for the above information, and in expressing our deep acknowledgements therefor, we can not refrain from tendering our humble and hearty thanks to the gentlemen whose extreme solicitude for the lives of the passengers on their roads has induced them to ignore the inadequate block system, and to adopt more effectual methods of preventing accidents. Mr. Drum-Major K. F. Wain is especially to be felicitated on the success of his gong, his gun and his peanut-cracking scheme, and his other marvelous precautions against disaster. After this, he will probably regard all demands for the adoption of the block system as extremely frivolous.

We have nothing but praise for Prince Cyrus André Field, for the Reverend Jay Gould, and for the Righter Reverend Russel Sage, who so charitably and disinterestedly got the "L" roads in their gentle clutches, in order that the lives of their beloved fellow-citizens might not be unnecessarily endangered. They have even gone so far as to allow coroners to travel free, which shows admirable foresight in view of the next collision in or out of a fog, which pleasant event is certainly more than overdue.

## A NEW RULER IN THE LAND.



"OH, FOR THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF HAYES!"

## Answers for the Anxious.

The pressure on our columns keeps a number of "Answers for the Anxious" standing over a week to a week. Correspondents who are not promptly vitriolized will please possess their souls in patience, and wait their turn.

HASELTINE.—Tell her to read the "Anglers' Guide" during Lent.

J. R. GILHOOLY.—"What is a pessimist?" A pessimist is a man who takes gloomy views of life. For instance, if you were to worry yourself while putting away a good dinner with the idea that you might some time lose a leg and have to go around on crutches, and perhaps set one of the crutches on a banana-peel in the street and slip down right on the stump and drive it up into your lungs and die of consumption and leave a will calculated to excite litigation—that would be taking a pessimistic view of Fate.

## CHOICE COMMUNICATIONS.

## A BRUMMAGEM FITZNOODLE.

ST. STEPHEN'S CLUB, WESTMINSTER, }  
LONDON, February 20th, 1882. }

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

As I subscribe to your paper, I consider I have some sort of right to expose those who pirate your notions. You will judge of my magnanimity when I tell you that I am about to publish a book here, which, from its character, will probably be reprinted in the States, from which reprint I shall gain nothing. No matter. I wish to call to your notice the enclosed cutting from an alleged comic paper called the *Dart*, and published in Birmingham, the home of "Provincial Thought." It is not only from "Fitznoodle in Birmingham," but from the remainder of the letter-press, quite evident that Puck furnishes most of the *Dart* copy.

You may consider this the sincerest form of flattery. I consider it gross, indecent, piratical plagiarism.

I am yours,  
P. S.—I am not an American.

H. B.

Enclosed in the above was a clipping from the paper referred to, with a cut and article of the spurious Fitznoodle.

ED. PUCK.

## WE BELIEVE HE HAS BEEN DOSED.

NEW YORK CITY,  
March 10th, 1882. }

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

For over a year the water-pipes in all of the city parks have been tampered with, and the drinking water has been dosed with vile and filthy nostrums. During the past winter, at night, the Croton water mains have been impregnated from the reservoirs with drugs, so that the water has been dangerous to drink. Now, I have fully convinced myself that the hands of heartless devils are at work, and I appeal to the "independent and fearless PUCK" to expose, by cartoon, this diabolical rascality. This is the work of our model police, who are authorized and sustained by secret society Republican Catholic cut-throats. I have, for many years, been dosed in every conceivable manner, and am quite able to expose their every move.

RODMAN A. BRUSH.  
20 Waverly Place.

## A SUGGESTION FOR A CARTOON.

OFFICE OF  
HENRY C. CONE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,  
WILSON HALL, Fort Collins, Colorado. }

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I suggest a cartoon a terrible Obstacle in the the form of an immense Mountain, Conklings head its terrible height. All arising out of the chaos of contumacious, Contumely & Slander a native kussedness, as its gaseous origin. This mountain an obstacle, produced thusly which now looms up for its authors, as a barrier, in the form of the Supreme Bench which is impossible to grad over, or tunnel under. The destination under, Hell, or any other country your fancy phases Truly

H. C. CONE,

This is not copy righted and you can garnish alter amend or discard.

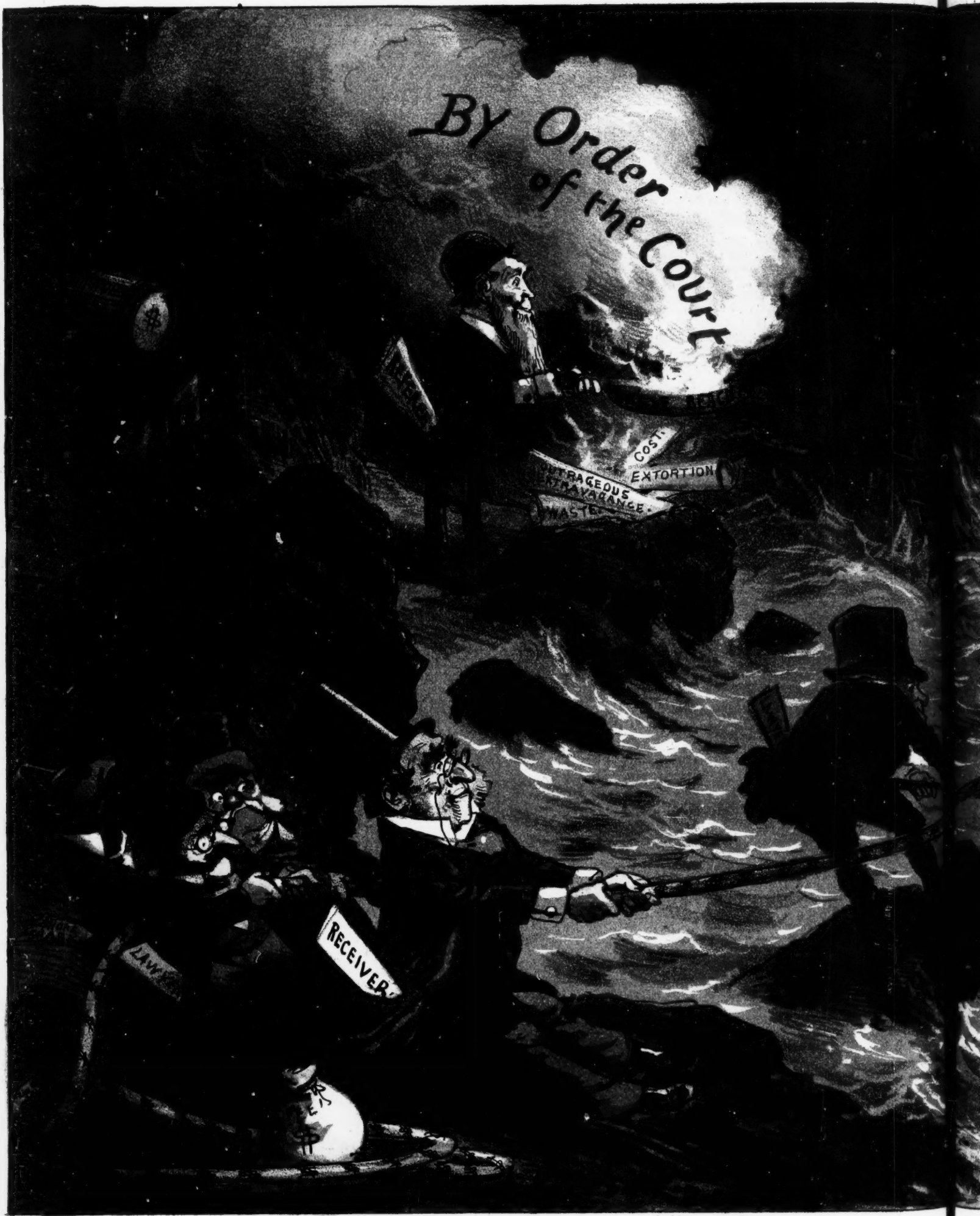
*Society* is a weekly journal of fact, fiction and fashion, published in London in the style of Yates's *World* and Labouchere's *Truth*. It is edited by George W. Plant, is illustrated and, apparently, knows whereof it speaks.

If any one has the slightest doubt that "The Sun Do Move," he should read the celebrated work of this name as sermonized by the Rev. John Jasper, of Richmond, Va. The price is but twenty-five cents, and the pamphlet is published at Brentano's Literary Emporium, 5 Union Square.

Those who do not permit themselves to be disturbed by market fluctuations and the state of political parties are in a fit condition to study chess, and they will not find a better help than *Brentano's Chess Monthly*, published every month, which will tell them a great deal more than they want to know.

Mr. William Goldschmidt has written and dedicated to grandfather Peter Cooper a pamphlet entitled "The Ark of the United States." The work is written against the political deluge produced by general corruption, which "threatens to destroy us." Some of the ideas enunciated by the author are worthy of consideration.

The *Art Interchange* has, deservedly, a large number of subscribers. Its department's are numerous, and comprise: Decorative Art, Music, Drama, Belles Lettres, Design, Fine Arts, and Notes and Queries. Messrs. Arthur B. Turnure and William Whitlock are its publishers and proprietors. They have recently commenced the issue of *Art Work Manuals*, edited by Charles G. Leland. No. 4, Volume 1, is devoted to Art Needlework and Outline Embroidery, and has a rich supply of patterns.



LICENSED WRECKERS.—IN THE





IN HANDS OF THE RECEIVERS.

## EXQUISITE GEMS.

A poet writes:

"Do we love as we loved long ago?"

In the chaste language of the late Bishop Berkeley: "We should smile." We carry on the business in pretty much the same style that we did when we were wooing our first girl some years ago. The only difference in our treatment of the divine subject comes from the change in our pecuniary conditions. When we were manipulating number one, we were on the straight struggle for a raise of salary. But now we are poets, whose exquisite gems throw a rainbow glamour over the downcast spirits of suffering humanity; and, as a natural consequence, we can ante up more cash without feeling it than could once be gotten out of us by a sheriff armed to the teeth. Where we used to take our girl to the circus, we now take her to the Italian opera; and where we once gave her peanuts and five-cent soda-water, we now endeavor to increase her happiness with *marrons glacés* and *bombons*.

This is not that we like the girl any more, but because of our exceeding shekularity. The soulful, tender part of the business is precisely the same, however. We go up the walk, look around the house to see if the bull-dog and the father of the girl are at the lodge, and then glide in to the back parlor, and commence operations on an osculatory basis, and keep the *seance* up until the clock in the steeple has struck a good many times. And the girl always leaves us at the door, and asks us when we will be around again, just as if she didn't know, and all that sort of thing. Oh, yes, we love just as we loved long ago, and we wish our brother or sister poet to understand it, and be assured that we are going to keep the thing up. We sometimes change our collars, but never our style of loving; for loving is divine, and our style is perfect.

Susan Coolidge says, in the *Independent*, that when morning breaks fresh and new, touched by the sun, and the ocean takes on a softer silver and a deeper blue, and the glad birds sing with a newly-patented joy:

"I rise and wash my body clean  
In purest water."

Susan, this is a lovely and musical method of informing the world that you take a bath at 7:30 A.M. It is very different with us. When the city sparrows twitter on the morning ash-barrel, and the early sunbeams sift themselves through the fractured lattice, and the servant has knocked on the door for the fourth time to inform us that the omelette is stone cold, we jump up, and wash our hands, and forget to comb our hair, and put on a collar, and we don't stop to find out whether the water is of the purest quality or not, either. When we find it necessary to write poems for religious papers on the subject of ablution, to satisfy admiring but suspicious friends that we do take a bath occasionally, we shall add a stanza on the virtues of the particular brand of soap that finds favor in our eyes, and then we'll try to sell it to the manufacturer as an advertising lyric. That's what we'll do, Susan, for we regard shekels as next to cleanliness.

A man was seen the other day in a garret, hard at work. He was surrounded by corduroy knee-breeches, St. Patrick plug hats, clay pipes, clumsy brogans, blue wollen stockings, fawn-colored swallow-tails, green vests, "Moore's Melodies," eighteen chromos of Killarney, in different attitudes, and a ten-cent edition of Oscar Wilde's verses. No, gentle reader, he was not a second-hand dealer. He was a poet, and the objects around him were intended to inspire him while erecting Irish dramas of the "no rint" order.

He told her in a poem that her feet were two tiny stars that twinkled over the enameled floor and woke subtle echoes in his soul. On the following night, when she stepped on his toes like a stage-horse, during a waltz, he thought her feet were not quite so small, but that they were sufficiently Titanic to keep her on the ground during a tornado.

"Were you born in Chicago?" he inquired, with a smile, as he picked up his foot and stroked it like a cat.

"No," she replied: "but I trust you'll excuse me for stepping on your foot; it was purely supervenient."

Then he knew she was from Boston.

In the spring of '57, just at the close of the great panic, Mr. Jotham Mills, of Peoria, Ill., started a little further West to make his fortune in the mines. After he had been at work with moderate success for a year or two, he was seriously hurt by a piece of machinery falling on him in a quartz-crushing mill. It was feared, at first, that he would have to lose his right arm. All the doctors were of this opinion, and they determined to perform the operation. He wrote home to his *fiancée* to tell her of his misfortune, and then made his will. The lawyer lent him a pamphlet to read that day. It was PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1882. The man was well in two hours, and the next day he won a boat race and licked four men in a rough-and-tumble fight. PUCK'S ANNUAL is for sale by all newsdealers, and it is going to enable them to go to the country next summer, and wear straw hats with blue bands.

Is THIS a Man? No; It is a Thing who tries to furnish the World with Comic Primer. Is It Original? No, It is not. It is One of a Great Band that Snaps up the Idea of Another, and Works It for All It is Worth. Is the *Denver Tribune* the Only one that Ought to be Tolerated? You are Right, Sonny, it Is the Boss of the Outfit, but even the *D. T.* Over-Does it Sufficiently to bring on that Little Idyllic Pastime which is called *D. T.* for Brevity.

In ST. LOUIS there is a man who recollects being kissed by General Washington. If we wait long enough we shall find the man who ground the edge of George's little hatchet.

CORONERS ARE deadheads on the "L" roads. This is really the only wise precaution the directors have ever taken.

THE CHROMO isn't as mighty as truth, but it does about as much miscellaneous prevailing.

## AN OSSEOUS POEM.

Sad  
Groans,  
Shad  
Bones.

## IN A COSMOPOLITAN CITY



A LIBERAL EDUCATION MAY BE TURNED TO ACCOUNT.

## JENKIN'S UMBRELLA.

One of the divinest sensations that this dreary world holds forth is experienced by the average man when he contracts the vice of carrying an umbrella every day. Mr. Jenkin recently purchased one to be in fashion; one of these nobby thin ones that men like to carry in clear weather to give them an air of respectability.

His adventures with that umbrella were not always of the happiest nature, and, out of solid irony, he called it the Mascot, which, freely translated, means something like a Bogardus kicker in angel form. The kicker is secreted beneath the wings, and when you get the angel within kissing range, and take hold of her hand, and tell her she ought to go to church, and kindly squeeze said hand to impress her with your sincerity, the kicker comes out from its hiding-place, and feels for you with such force and earnestness, that it generally takes five doctors, at a hundred dollars per day, to finish you. That's what a Mascot is, gentle reader; and you had better paste it in your hat, so that when you see it again you will not imagine it to be a famous patent medicine, warranted to settle anything from measles to a butcher's bill.

The first time he started out with his umbrella, he commenced swinging it around his head at a great rate, and the first thing he knew, the umbrella stopped. It had come in contact with a pedestrian's head. The pedestrian stopped, too—stopped like a provincial dramatic paper, when no one will pay to have a portrait inserted. The following discussion then ensued, the pedestrian opening:

"Are you aware of the fact, my dear sir, that you just struck me? But I know you didn't do it intentionally."

"No, sir, I did not. I am really very sorry—"

"Don't mention it; I know you are; you show it, and I am very happy to have met you. I was in the middle of a day-dream when you struck, and woke me up. Had it not been for you, I should have gone past this place, where



I have important business, and I am really grateful to you. Have you dined?"

"Thank you, I have."

And they exchanged cards, shook hands warmly and parted.

Then he thought he'd try it with the roof up; so he raised it—raised it deliberately and slowly, like a mortgage, and went on his way rejoicing. It wasn't raining a drop, but he thought it would keep off bricks, if any happened to fall off a building in course of erection. And then, he argued, that if the air is full of small-pox, it might keep off the noxious zephyrs. He stopped to look into a shop-window, when a gust of wind came along and jerked the umbrella out of his hand, and whirled it around in the air at an altitude which placed it out of his reach. He sighed for a pole to fetch it down with, but he sighed in vain. There it stayed. But now and then it would come down to within an inch of his fingers, and then fly up again like a heron. He was delirious with joy. He thought of the old days on the farm, when he used to loaf all day in the woods and throw bricks into hornets' nests, for the sake of ascertaining if a handful of mud, slapped rudely on the neck, would draw the fiery gist out of a sting. He thought of the homely yellow dog, and the Queen Anne musket, and the flat-bottomed boat that made him happy, and threw so much sunshine and joy into his hilarious boy-life. That is the reason he didn't get mad when he secured his umbrella about half a mile from the spot at which he let go of it. That is the reason he didn't get mad at the people who found innocent diversion in a five-foot-six man trying to reach twenty feet in the air to secure an object that seemed to be gliding harmoniously along on the bosom of a trade-wind. That is the reason that he felt so good, so happy, so contented with himself and everything else; that he turned around and helped a homely old woman across the street, and gave a beggar two dollars to take his family to the circus.

That night when he went home and related the adventures he had had with his umbrella during the day, his wife laughed at him and thought it was a splendid joke to happen to any man who would be such an idiot as to wear an umbrella on a dry day. He backed himself by saying that people take umbrellas to church all the time, and right in the face of dry sermons. And he believed they would be worn up at theatres by ladies, if large hats were not in vogue. She said all sorts of uncomplimentary things; but he was good-natured, and told her to go right off and order an Easter hat, regardless of expense, and have the bill sent to him. He also went so far as to ask her if she needed any new dresses, or whether she thought the old ones could be made to answer by being made over. Mrs. Jenkin is a sort of impossible woman, and she told her husband she preferred making the old ones over. The reader may think this an exaggeration; but to the umbrella.

On the second day Mr. Jenkin attempted to suppress a bull-dog with it. The bull-dog was on the inside of a picket-fence, trying to be happy by barking at passers. He would spring at them and take in a mouthful of pickets instead; but this didn't break his heart. He would spit out the paint and splinters, and make a fresh dive with the same result. It wasn't as monotonous to him as it would be to a man. One mouthful of ordinary fence would have satisfied any man; but it is different with a dog. A dog is not so easily convinced, and speculation is one of the things that he cannot stand. So, after he had been loosening his teeth on the fence for some time, along came Mr. Jenkin, who pushed his umbrella through with the intention of stirring the dog up. The dog took a good hold, and, in about half a minute, he was rolling around, wrestling with it as though it was another of his own kind. He seemed to be feel-

ing round for an ear, and he was just as happy as though the umbrella had chewing powers, and was getting in on his life for all he was worth.

Mr. Jenkin was full of good spirits; he spoke kindly to the dog, and then encouraged the umbrella, which he could not pull out of his mouth. And when he saw the dog husk off all the silk roof, and hand him back the handle and ribs with a polite bow, he invited him out to have a mutton chop, under the impression that a kind word turneth away wrath. But the dog didn't know this, for he never went to Sunday school much, and, when he did, it was only around picnic time. So he kept on sighing for more umbrellas to conquer, while Mr. Jenkin departed with the handle in his hand and a hymn on his lips.

And now the umbrella-handle stands in an earthen jar, with a *petite* flower tied to it, except upon those festive occasions, when young Jenkin appropriates it to play shinney with.

R. K. M.

#### "HAWKEYE" DOTS.

Yes, my son, an Indian scout is really and truly good for something besides blood-and-thunder plays and novels. They are going to hang three of them out in Arizona next Friday.

THE difference between the Irish and the English æsthetic who visits these shores is this: When the Irishman lands at Castle Garden he takes off his knee-breeches, but when the Englishman reaches America he puts his on.

A FATAL disease is raging among the mules in Arkansas. The animal is attacked with a kind of paralysis in the hip; one day it kicks at a passing boy, an easy shot, falls short of the target eighteen inches, and dies of mortification and sorrow.

#### ODE ON Longfellow's birthday:

Goodness, gracious, sakes alive,  
Longfellow's s-e-v-e-n-t-y-five!

WOMEN in Scotland are allowed to vote this year on municipal questions. Hech, sir, Annie Dickinson, hew awa, mon, whaur are ye gang-ing till all round the West?

"MA," said the youngest boy, looking up from the harness he was making for the cat: "Ma, is Uncle Ben a church member?" "Why, yes," said his mother: "of course he is; why do you ask?" "Well, he don't act like one," said the boy: "he don't swear like Elder Short-sniff, and he's an older church member than Uncle Ben."

"YOUR heart," said the lecturer: "beats seventy times a minute." Well, we don't know much about physiology and anatomy, but this heart business depends a great deal. The ordinary heart may be able to get along very comfortably on seventy beats a minute in the day time, and at dinner or at church, or that sort of thing, but bless your anatomical ideas, doctor, we have stood on the outside of a little swinging gate, no later than ten o'clock on a night in June, not saying a word, but just looking at a pair of brown eyes on the other side of the pickets—eyes that paled the starlight—and just waiting for the moon to get under a cloud, and—and—why—why, man alive—seventy times a minute? *Seventy times? A minute?* Why, even unto seventy times seventy a second would only be an approximate estimate. We never tried to count them, but we know that seventy times a minute wasn't even freight train time under those circumstances.—Robert J. Burdette.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY calls a primrose "a corollifloral dicotyledonous exogen." As usual, there were no police around to interfere.—*San Francisco Post.*

PUCK's last number is enough to make all of its followers howl with envy. Each succeeding number seems to be the best that can be, but the next one always prove the fallacy of that expectation.—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

A RELIGIOUS man will not forget his religion, when his neighbor's dog bothers him. He will go out where that neighbor can hear him, and pray that the neighbor may not be sent to perdition for keeping such an abominable beast. That'll set the neighbor wild with wrath.—*Boston Post.*

A PRIVATE letter from Washington to a gentleman in Bismarck makes mention of the fact that a burglar entered the sleeping apartments of a Black Hills editor, who is a member of the division and admission delegation. It is stated that the editor saw the knight of the jimmy enter, and, watching his opportunity, seized him, and, after a hard struggle, succeeded in robbing him. This is just about what a Black Hills editor would do in such an emergency.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

A LONDON paper, in describing a new style of waltz now popular in that city, says: "There is a decided effort being made to do away with anything like the elegant *trois-temps* movement, and instead, the athletes of the ball-room put their bodies to the work of dancing much in the same manner as they do in the game of foot-ball, holding their helpless partner firmly at arm's length, and using her, as occasion offers, as a kind of 'battering-ram.'" No matter how much a lady may be "banged," she shouldn't be banged that way. It might shake seventeen dollars worth of store-hair off a belle's head and cause thirty-five dollars worth of teeth to fly half-way across the room. It is to be regretted that the effort is being made to abolish the—the *trois-temps* movement. We rather like that movement. It is much preferable to the knee plus *aurevoir* motion.—*Norristown Herald.*

#### BABIES OF MAUMEE.

Potatoes they grew small,  
And they ate them tops and all  
In Maumee;  
The babies kicked and squal'ed  
And mothers spanked them all  
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Can he paint?  
Yes, fen-ces.  
Does he handle pic-tures?  
Yes, chro-mos.  
What does he do?  
He sells tea.—*Quiz.*

It is only when the assessor comes around that many of the rich are not fond of displaying their wealth.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A TEXAS paper has an obituary notice headed: "Died—An Honest Man." What was the trouble, loneliness?—*Peck's Sun.*

THEY say that money does not bring happiness. This is an experiment, however, which every one wishes to try for himself.—*McGregor News.*

AND SO Oliver Wendell Holmes is to have the Portuguese Mission. It is obviously just, this widely popular movement of sending poets out of the country to which Arthur looks for re-election.—*San Francisco Post.*

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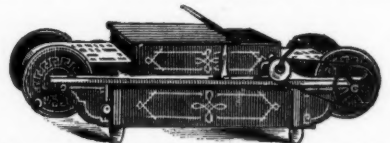
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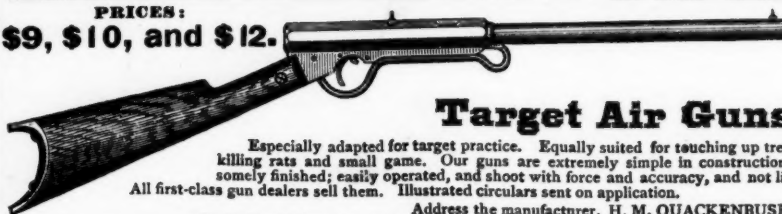
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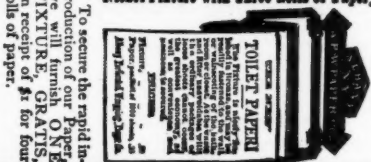
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